

## THANKSGIVING HYMN.

We thank Thee, O Father, for all that is bright  
The gleam of the day, and the stars of the night  
The dowers of our youth and the fruits of our prime  
And blessings that march down the path  
way of time.

We thank Thee, O Father, for all that is dear  
The sob of the tempest, the flow of the tear  
For never in blindness, and never in vain,  
Thy mercy permitted a sorrow or pain.

We thank Thee, O Father, for song and for feast  
The harvest that glowed and the wealth that increased  
For never a blessing encompassed earth's child  
But Thou in Thy mercy looked downward  
and smiled.

We thank Thee, O Father of All, for Thy power  
Of aiding each other in life's darkest hour  
The generous heart and the bountiful hand,  
And all the soul help that sad souls under-stand.

We thank Thee, O Father, for days yet to be  
For hopes that our future will call us to Thee  
That all our Eternity form, through Thy love,  
The Thanksgiving day in the mansions above.

—Wm. Carleton.

## THE VACANT CHAIR.



It seemed to Aunt Huldah Simmons that the pumpkin had never looked so pale and waxy, the apples so lifelessly dismal, as on that special Thanksgiving morning.

"It's going to be a failure!" she said snappishly. "For twenty years the cheeriest, the brightest, the happiest celebration under this roof ever was—and now!"

Aunt Huldah plunged her arms to the elbows into the flour barrel, and choked with the dust she raised, and was glad of an excuse to smother a kind of a sob.

Just then the groceryman from town drove up, brought in his basket of "extrys and fixins," and for a moment stopped to steam his snow-crusted shoes at the blazing fireplace.

"Well, mum? well, mum?" he said briskly, "on hand, as I see? Why, it's getting to be a milestone in my life, mum."

"What is?" demanded Aunt Huldah tartly. Poor soul, she did not feel over-companionable.

"Coming here—at this hour, on this day. Think of it, Miss Simmons! For twenty years, every Thanksgiving day, I've delivered the ordered basket of raisins, and currants, and nuts, and citron, and nuts, and every Thanksgiving morning for twenty years your blessed face has smiled 'Come in!' I say, mum, if some Thanksgiving morning I should miss just this, I'd go home, shut up shop, and begin to think 'Things ain't right—the best dinner



"Oh, my boy! my boy!"

"In the world ain't going to be cooked to-day."

"You'll miss, next time!" almost grumbled Aunt Huldah.

"Don't tell, Miss Simmons—oh, shorley no!" and the groceryman looked anxious.

"Yes, 'twill!" affirmed Huldah, half-crying, half mad.

"And what's the matter, mum?"

"The charm is gone, the circle is broken, and—don't pester me, man! I'm that downcast! I feel more like a day of fasting than feasting!"

The storekeeper gave a solemn nod of assent, and stalked out to his wagon miserably.

"It's that boy!" he sighed, and wagged his head gravely.

Dolorously he wagged it all the way back to town. "That boy" was a lively fellow that afforded him plenty to think about.

For twenty years Aunt Huldah Simmons had come over from Parkville to superintend Thanksgiving dinner for brother Enoch Dalton and his wife.

For twenty years there had sat at the festal table the two happiest children in the State—Nanny and Walter.

Aunt Huldah had watched them graduate from high chair to common folks' chair; had seen Nanny grow into a charming miss, and Walter into a stalwart, handsome fellow, "a trifle too lively for the times!"

Two years back he had come to the Thanksgiving table late—for the first time since he knew what Thanksgiving dinners were.

One year back he came later, and talked loud and long, and his eye was suspiciously bright, and Huldah noted, those of his parents' secretly dimmed and sorrowful.

In December gossip told Aunt Huldah that her nephew had "gone to the dogs." In February gossip told it that there had been "a terrible row" between father and son.

When May blossoms were painting the vines rose and snow color, the story came of a dissipated son ordered out of the house till he could behave like a man—of a high-spirit answering the stern affront

## THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DINNER IN NEW ENGLAND.



with a prompt departure, and not a word had been heard of the wandering son, brother and nephew since.

"So, no wonder that Aunt Huldah browned the turkey with a lack-spirit zest, that doleful morning—and no wonder that pretty Nanny beat the pudding sauce between spells of tears, for there was a vacant chair at the Dalton table only one person could fill, and he was a wanderer, lost, missing, that sad Thanksgiving day.

Tap—tap!

"Come in!" spoke Mr. Dalton.

"It's a tramp," murmured Aunt Huldah.

"Sit down, won't you, and have some dinner?" intimated Mrs. Dalton's gentle, motherly tones.

The dinner had been a blank failure. Pretty Nanny was almost thankful for the incident that distracted thoughts and attention from the vacant chair beside her.

The cloaked, snow-shot figure entering moved towards that chair at the invitation.

"Not there!" sharply said Mr. Dalton.

"No, set another chair and plate, sister," suggested his wife.

"I'll take this one!" amazingly spoke the intruder. "You thought enough of scapegrace Walter to keep him in memory, eh, folks? Well, maybe I deserved it!"

Back went the enveloping ulster, and a bronzed, bearded fellow smiled, all hands around.

"Wait!" he said, as Aunt Huldah shrieked hysterically, as Nanny glided up tremblingly, as his mother nearly fainted, and his father turned white, hopeful, anxious. "I've come back a new Walter. I've been in the Cuban war."

"Oh, my boy! my boy!" murmured his mother poignantly.

"Father, if I hadn't been 'all right' I'd never have had the courage to face what lost me that"—and the hero showed one arm missing at the elbow. "If I had not learned to obey orders better than when I left home, they would never have honored me with those," and Walter indicated the barred shoulder straps he wore.

"I've come back for forgiveness—a better boy, a new Walter," went on the soldier-penitent. "And I've brought a pledge that I mean to live life in earnest, Father, mother, this is my wife!"

Walter had stepped back to open the door.

There, shy, beautiful, with anxious pleading in her lovely Cuban face, was the girl-wife of the boy-soldier.

"Come in!" spoke Nanny, her soul in her eyes, her welcoming hands outstretched.

"Yes," brokenly but fervently cried Mr. Dalton. "As Uncle Sam says to all his wards, 'Enter! Here is home.' My boy, your story tells itself. Welcome, Walter and wife, to the happiest Thanksgiving reunion in Christendom!"

"And I slighted the turkey!" mourned Aunt Huldah Simmons, under her breath. "And I made the biscuits just as my heart felt—like lead! I'm punished for shirking my duty. Well, in this world you never can know what's going to happen next!"

WELDON J. COBB.

## FIRST THANKSGIVING.

Indian Chiefs Were Hospitably Entertained by Pilgrims.



EVER since the year following the landing of the Pilgrims we have been observing Thanksgiving day. The first Thanksgiving was appointed by Gov. Bradford at Plymouth, Mass., in 1621, in order that the colonists in a more special way could rejoice together at having all things in good and plenty, writes Clifford Howard in the Ladies' Home Journal. In preparation for the feast "gunners were sent into the woods for wild turkeys, which abounded there in great numbers; kitchens were made ready for preparing the feast—especially the large one in Dame Brewster's house, which was under the immediate direction and charge of Priscilla Molines, she who afterward became the wife of John Alden—while a messenger was dispatched to invite Massasoit, the chief of the friendly tribe, to attend the celebration.

Early on the morning of the appointed Thursday—about the first of November—Massasoit and ninety of his warriors ar-

rived on the outskirts of the village, and with wild yells announced their readiness to enjoy the hospitality of their white brethren. The little settlement, which now consisted of seven dwellings and four public buildings, was soon astir with men, women and children, who gave the Indians a hearty welcome as they filed into the large square in front of the Governor's house. Soon the roll of a drum announced the hour of prayer, for no day was begun without this religious service. Then followed a holiday of feasting and recreation, which continued not only during that day but during the two succeeding days. The usual routine of duties was suspended; the children romped about in merry play; the young men indulged in athletic sports and games in friendly rivalry with the Indians; the little American army of twenty men, under the leadership of Miles Standish, went through its drill and manual of arms, to the great delight and astonishment of the natives, while the women busied themselves in the careful preparation of the excellent meals, which were eaten in the open air.

## GROUNDS FOR THANKFULNESS.

Mrs. Blimmer Didn't Quite See It as Frederick Did.

"I have you, have I?" replied Mrs. Blimmer. "And that is something for me to be thankful for, is it? Well, not that I know of, it isn't, Frederick Blimmer. Thankful that I have you, indeed? It was the greatest mistake of my life in marrying you, and I have never ceased to regret it. It was all right to marry me, so far as you were concerned. It was quite a feather in your cap to marry one of the Jonesy girls, but I think I must have been clean out of my mind when I said yes, and I think all my folks must have been plumb crazy ever to think of letting me marry you. I had an idea that I loved you, but I see now that I didn't know what an idea was, and if I had it to do over again I'd marry any man in the whole wide world before I'd come to you, Frederick Blimmer. And you needn't try to interrupt me, as you always do when I have a word to say, for I'll not listen to you. It isn't as though I had no chance to marry any other man, either, that I took you. I could have married Joe Simpson, as fine a man as ever walked on two legs, and he treats his present wife like as if she was an angel from heaven, and she not his first choice, either. Then, Jack Dukes was fairly pining away for me, but I didn't have sense enough to marry him, although I knew he was only waiting for a little encouragement, but I was that independent I never would encourage a man the least bit. Besides those two there was Frank Palmer, who fairly worshipped the ground I walked on, but I wouldn't have anything to do with him because his hair was red, but it's a mighty fine-looking man he's got to be, and they do say his wife doesn't want for a thing, and she's as proud of him as if he was a king, and Frederick Blimmer, what are you putting on your overcoat for? Didn't you say that you had a holiday to-day, and that we would spend a happy Thanksgiving day together, like we did when we were first married? Oh, well, go out if you want to, but if you are not home by 1 o'clock sharp not a bit of Thanksgiving dinner do you get."

"Why, my dear," replied he, "you have me."

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## A THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

Here Is a Stuffing from a Famous Chef's Notebook.

There is a chef in one of the large hotels of New York who is famous for his roast turkey. Turkey under his hands comes out not only a beautiful brown, but of a delicious flavor quite different from any other turkey that ever was seen. The turkey meat is positively rich, and even the white meat that is generally dry has a moist, spicy taste.

This is his recipe for roast turkey, which he kindly consented to give the household department:

Clean the turkey with as little handling as possible and rinse with water in which a little baking soda has been dissolved. Now break up about half a pint of bread crumbs and into the crumbs chop two links of pork sausage. Stuff the turkey with this mixture and just before putting into the oven bind salt pork on the breast of the turkey. Remove the pork just before the turkey is taken from the oven.

When the meat is carved its flavor will be found very superior. This is particularly to be recommended for the Thanksgiving turkey, which, with so many other dainties rivaling it, must be very appetizing to be enjoyed.

A Vienna hotel has 1,500 rooms.



When the gray-haired New-Englander sees round his board  
The old broken links of affection restored,  
When the care-worn man seeks his mother  
or once more  
And the worn matron smiles where the girl  
smiled before—  
What moistens the lip and what brightens  
the eye?  
What calls back the past like the rich  
pumpkin pie?

O—fruit loved of boyhood—the old days re-  
calling  
When wood-grapes were purpling and  
brown nuts were falling  
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,  
Glaring out through the dark with a candle  
within,  
When we laughed round the corn heap with  
hearts all in tune,  
Our chair a broad pumpkin—our lantern the  
moon,  
Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like  
steam,  
In a pumpkin shell coach, with two rats for  
her team!

## A Thanksgiving Recipe.

A little turkey.  
A little jerk.  
A little jerk.  
A little jerk.  
Will make a little dinner.

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## THE FARM AND HOME.

### MATTERS OF INTEREST TO FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.

Crops Should Be Properly Rotated—New Honey Bees from the Philippines—How to Care for a Horse—To Prevent Cows Jumping.

What the rotation of crops should be must depend largely on the quality and condition of the soil as well as on its location, but experience has shown that in order to economically cultivate the soil crops must be grown that will not too seriously encroach on any one particular element in the soil to the exclusion of the others. That this is not more generally understood is the cause of many failures. A farmer will find that plowing under clover or peas or some other nitrogenous plant has given him a soil on which he raises a fine crop of corn, and instead of being satisfied with this result he must needs put the land in corn again to still further deplete its fertility without returning anything to it. The result is that while he usually obtains a good second crop of corn, the soil is in precisely the same condition as it was before the legumes were put into it, and in order to keep up its fertility considerable more must be spent on fertilizers of some sort. This could have been avoided had the land been put into wheat and clover after the first crop of corn; not only avoided, but he would have had a second crop of clover to turn under, which would have added more fertility to the soil than was taken from it by the corn and wheat crops.—Atlanta Journal.

### Giant East India Bees.

One of our acquisitions with the Philippine Islands is likely to be a new species of the honey bee. It is one-half larger than the American honey bee, with a much greater capacity for making both wax and honey. In its wild state it builds combs on large forest trees or in clefts of the rocks in the mountains for a distance of 5,000 feet, it is believed that it can be acclimated so as to live in the United States. Mr. Frank Benton of the Department of Agriculture went to the Philippines to investigate these new kind of bees. He reports them not to be easily irritated. Unfortunately a swarm which Mr. Benton captured in the jungle died on its passage across the Pacific. These bees have a wasp-like figure, with orange-colored bands encircling its body. The combs it makes are much larger than those made by ordinary bees. If it can be domesticated in hives the hives must be very large ones. In fact, a room would scarcely be too large, and it might accommodate several swarms.

### Care of a Horse.

The animals should be first watered, then fed, and while they are eating their corn the bed is turned up, the stalls mucked out, the feet picked out with the picker, and the soles, frogs and walls well washed with the water brush, the shoes being examined to see that they are firm and serviceable. Thorough grooming with brush, curry-comb, sponge and linen rubber. Sick and idle horses require grooming as much as working animals do to keep them in health. If horses got more efficient grooming there would be fewer complaints as to "surfeit," pimples, blotches, hidebound, roughness and other things that affect the health and spoil the appearance of the animal, and there would also be less demand for alternative and "condition" powders, which are generally rendered necessary through the skin becoming unhealthy owing to its neglected condition.

The cleaning out of the foot is an important point that is entirely neglected with most of our farm horses. Of course, when out at pasture it is not necessary, but where horses are in the stable continuously the feet should be looked after better than they usually are.—Mark Lane Express.

### To Keep a Cow from Jumping.

Make a good strong halter and surcingle; make both of good leather or of good three-fourths inch rope; put the surcingle around just behind the forelegs, having a good large ring fastened to it under the brisket. Put the halter on as on a horse, having a stout ring under the chin. Fasten a short chain from the ring in the surcingle to the ring in the halter, having it short enough that she can not raise her head more than two feet from the ground, or less if she is very bad. The surcingle where it crosses the back and the halter on the nose should be wrapped with soft cloth to keep them from rubbing. With this a cow can neither throw nor jump fence, and still she can throw her head around to her sides to fight off the flies.—Practical Farmer.

### Using Raw Bones on the Farm.

The quickest and simplest method of utilizing old bones is to burn them in the kitchen stove and carefully save the ashes. In this way you get in the ash all the phosphoric acid and lime there is in the bone, but you lose the nitrogen, which goes off as gas in the smoke. Where the quantity of bones is small, however, and especially if the facilities required for other methods of using them are not at hand, and if the bones cannot be sold at a fair price, this burning of them is far better than to permit them to go to waste. Bone makes an intense heat, and as far as it goes is a valuable fuel. Every thrifty farmer saves all the wood ash from the house, for it is so rich in phosphoric acid and potash that not a pound of it should be wasted, but every bit of wood ash (whether containing bone ash or not) should be religiously preserved. Every intelligent and thrifty farmer knows the value of a dressing of rich wood ash and fine bone meal. Except

for the loss of nitrogen by burning, this home-made combination of wood ash and bone ash will accomplish nearly as good results as the famous unleached wood ash and bone meal mixture.—American Agriculturist.

### Use and Cost of Land Plaster.

Land plaster is sold very cheaply in places where the rock suitable for grinding it from is abundant. It is there, too, that it appears to do most good, probably in part because the gypsum rock has always enough holes through it to make good drainage. Its best effect is always found on light and dry soils, for one of the properties of plaster is to attract moisture, which such soil usually needs. Plaster has been sold at the mills as low as \$2 per ton in winter when most of the rock grinding is done. Ten or fifteen miles away and in summer, when farmers wanted to use it on crops, the price would jump up to \$4.50 and even \$5 per ton. So those who used much plaster generally went with sleighs during a run of good sleighing, when they would sometimes draw two tons or more on a load. A half bushel of plaster weighs pretty near 100 pounds, so that a good deal can be put in an ordinary sleigh box.

### Ripe Tomatoes for Christmas.

Before frost comes pick all sound green fruit from the vines, and carefully wrap each one in a 6x9-inch sheet of white wax paper, taking care not to twist as in packing oranges. Spread out in a single layer on trays or in shallow boxes, and place in a partial light in a cellar. To hasten ripening they may occasionally be exposed to the sun half an hour at a time. Once a week examine and pick out the red ones and those that may decay. This may be done easily, as the transparency of the paper does not necessitate unwrapping. Thus one may have a constant supply of plump, palatable and beautiful tomatoes till Christmas, with trifling expense or trouble.—American Agriculturist.

### Pruning.

There is a difference of opinion as to the proper time to prune an orchard, but a good time is when the knife is sharp. Visit the orchard often and cut off all water sprouts and superfluous limbs that interfere with their neighbors. Head the trees low. It will be more convenient to gather the fruit and storms are not so hard on a low tree as a high one.

### Farm Notes.

When a farmer's stock seems to be all of one mold, and that a good one, there are dealers ready to take them as a lot, and at the owner's price. A first-class animal is sure to bring a good figure, but he who has all first-class animals usually obtains the top of the market.

While there are a good many kinds of toads, all of them bring sudden death to every bug or fly which comes within their reach. It is doubtful if the most industrious bird devours as many insects in a year as the toad. They are not attractive in appearance, but we should never destroy one of them.

The entire manurial product of the dairy herd kept at Cornell University station was kept in a covered barnyard during one winter. Samples were taken from time to time and analyzed. The results based upon the market price of the then principal fertilizing ingredients showed the manure of the herd to be worth per cow per day 8.62 cents.

A cow that produces 2,325 quarts yields within a fraction of 5,000 pounds. A good cow should produce 5,000 pounds of 3.75 to 4 per cent. milk. At 3 cents a quart the cash value of 5,000 pounds of milk is \$93.75. With good farm management such cows should be kept for \$40, which leaves a profit above the cost of the feed of \$29.75. The labor cost should not exceed one good man to fifteen cows.—Hoard's Dairyman.

Very many people are fond of a good garden, but think they can not keep chickens and have a garden, too. The Maine farmer tells of a poultryman who is noted for success in producing vegetables. He grows twice as much on an acre as formerly. He keeps 100 fowls, and has two lots of ground, one being given up to fowls, while the other is used for garden, the lots being about one and a quarter acres each. The next year he turns the fowls on the garden plot and uses for a garden the plot then vacated by the fowls. By thus giving up the garden plot to poultry every alternate year he keeps the soil very fertile.

Cream left to itself will spontaneously become sour; this is the result of the growth of lactic acid bacteria, which feed upon the milk sugar, and as a final process convert it into a lactic acid. Other forms of bacteria are always present in cream; some have little or no effect in the ripening process, while others, if allowed to develop, produce undesirable and often obnoxious flavors. To cultivate and develop these "wild" germs is called "spontaneous" ripening, and is often attended with uncertainty. Good butter-making demands the use of a "starter," either home-made or a pure culture. The former should be made of selected skim milk.

Carbolic salve should always be kept ready for use at the cow barn. Bruises and sores often occur in the best regulated establishment, and there is nothing really better than a carbolic ointment for such cases. This may be purchased already prepared at any drug store, or the dairyman can easily prepare it for himself by simply taking some vasoline or even lard and adding to it a very small quantity of the acid. Two or three drops of carbolic acid would be sufficient for one tablespoonful of the vasoline or lard, only mix them thoroughly together. Such ointment is a rapid healer and keeps flies away from sores. It is excellent for man or beast.—Practical Dairyman.

